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A ROMAN WIT



A ROMAN WIT

EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH
BY PAUL NIXON



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TO
ELMER TRUESDELL MERRILL



PREFACE

H. 777. 1. 22. 1920
Two years ago, in an attempt to prove to certain bored Freshmen that the Romans were not at all times hopelessly austere and lofty, I started writing for my Latin classes some of the following versions of Martial's epigrams. They were received patiently, almost cheerfully. This was success. It suggested the possibility of introducing Martial to a larger audience than he now enjoys; and to the general reader, therefore, rather than to the classicist, this modest volume is offered.

P. N.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, *January*, 1911.



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INTRODUCTION

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS, better known as Martial, was born about the year 40 A. D. at Bilbilis, a town in northeastern Spain. Of his life we have little information beyond what may be gathered from a sparing and discriminating use of ostensibly autobiographical data in the fifteen hundred short poems of varying tone which compose his fifteen books of Epigrams.

His parents were certainly of humble station and his education was clearly gained at Spanish schools, for not till he was in his early twenties did he go to Rome. At the capital city he lived for thirty-four years under the emperors Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Nerva. Those were not years of unalloyed happiness for the average Roman, still less so for a talented but indigent provincial. The Mæcenases of an earlier era no longer abounded at Rome, and a poet's livelihood was then much more a matter of chance than in Augustan days or in our own. Martial's income from writing merely what pleased himself and the reading public at large was not sufficient for his support: he

endeavored to supplement it by less congenial composition. His numerous poems, however, in praise of some of the worst rascals in the city, from Domitian down, and his clever versified begging did not bring him large returns. The *ius trium liberorum*, the title of tribune which gave him a knight's standing, a small town house, and a small farm at Nomentum were the four least insignificant material results of his years of literary activity and self-abasement.

Neither letters nor mendicant adulation, then, afforded him a competency, greatest of the world's epigrammatists and one of the world's most callous flatterers though he was. As a *client*,¹ however, he managed to swell his income to the existence point, and his wry laments over the disadvantages of this vocation are entertaining enough to make posterity tolerant of his discomforts. After three decades of urban discontent the poet returned to Bilbilis. There, through the generosity of a certain Marcella, he came into possession of an estate on which he appears to have lived for a time in comparative comfort. But the prosaic

¹ A few brief notes alphabetically arranged at the back of the book may be of service to readers unfamiliar with the classics. Some knowledge of *clients* and *recitations* is particularly necessary to an appreciation of Martial.

country life for which he had professed fervent love during his days in the city grew less lovely upon trial, and after a half-dozen years of rural discontent he died.

Discontent, however, is far from being the prevailing note in the Epigrams. Martial's character was not lofty, nor was his lot enviable, but the hard spots in both were usually softened by a well developed sense of humor. The oddities and incongruities, the makeshifts and shams, the gossip and slander, the peccadillos and vices of the life about him furnished him with plenty of entertainment. When that palled he was ready to laugh at himself and at his own troubles. Like Juvenal, he describes, for the most part, the low or the fast society of his day ; but, unlike the satirist, he is hardly more incensed by immorality than is a camera. In his pages we get a moving picture of Romans in the streets, theatres, and colonnades, at shops, banquets, baths, and at almost every other place, including some where angels, and even translators, might well fear to tread. Few of their peculiarities and frailties escape his amused attention ; and many of those peculiarities and frailties, as well as the poet's methods of bringing out their humorous aspects by unexpected turns of expression, by grotesque exaggeration, and by sud-

den, incisive comment, are our own. Others, happily, are not, to any marked degree. In his treatment of the worst of these the grimness of the epigrammatist's humor and the brutality of his wit are rankly offensive to modern ears.

For society at the present time, then, Martial's reputation as a wit — of his serious poetry nothing need be said here — must depend on the worth of some two hundred epigrams ; and a number of these are characterized by a frankness and cynicism which may seem too savage to be amusing. The reader may judge for himself.

EPIGRAMS
OF
MARTIAL

A ROMAN WIT

AN EXPLANATION

Philænis weeps with just one eye.

Queer, is it not ?

You wish you knew the reason why ?

That 's all she 's got.

SINE DIE

When his pyre was constructed and spices were
bought,

And his weeping wife fainted and fell ;

When embalmers were there and his bier had
been brought

Numa made me his heir — and got well.

TO MATHO

You 've purchased my villa at Tibur.

I cheated. You stopped there on tours

So confoundedly much when I lived there

I feel what I sold you was yours.

TO LUPUS

You gave me a farm — so you called it, at least,
In a sort of rhetorical turn —
But I'm forced to relate that the total estate
Does n't hold as much dirt as an urn.

A grove of Diana, you told me, I think,
Was a notable sight on the place:
But beyond one poor beet, overcome by the heat,
Of grove I deny there's a trace.

The wing of a cricket would cover that farm,
And an overfed ant with the gout
Could n't find enough crops to tickle his chops
To last till the sun flickered out.

Moreover that garden you bragged so about
Proves a worm-eaten rose with one leaf,
And the lawn's yield of grass does n't greatly sur-
pass
Its produce of gravy and beef.

A cucumber has n't got room to lie straight,
And a snake's bound to live there in pieces.

A grasshopper hopped just one day and then
stopped —

Starved to death, with its stomach in creases.

A mole is the sole agriculturist there,

And he's hardly got room to turn round.

Why, a mushroom can't spread, or a flower wave
its head

Sans trespass on my neighbor's ground.

An undergrown mouse when he gets at that farm

Makes it look as though hit by the plague,

And my whole crop of hay was carried away

By a thrush hardly out of the egg.

A statue of Pan — minus head, legs, and trunk —

Casts its shade over all the domain ;

And the shell of a clam, without sign of a jam,

My harvest complete can contain.

Now pardon, my friend, if my praise has been
faint —

We can seldom express what we feel :

So I merely will add that I'd be mighty glad

To swap farm for a thirty-cent meal.

THE EGOIST

Fabulla, it's true you're a fair ingénue,
And your wealth is on every one's tongue :
But your loud self-conceit
Makes the people you meet
Think you neither fair, wealthy, nor young.

KINDRED SPIRITS

Cæcilianus never dines
Without a boar served whole :
Cæcilianus always dines
With one congenial soul.

TO FIDENTINUS

You're reading my book to your friends as your
own :
But in reading so badly your claim to it's shown.

SEALED BAGS OF DUCATS

When a bare hundred thousand was all that you
had

You were liberal, prodigal, lauded.

Were your wealth not increased to a million, at
least,

All your friends felt that you 'd be defrauded.

The gods gave response to our prayers and our
vows :

Four legacies soon made you wealthy.

Just the million we prayed — you can here see
our aid —

Came from men who were formerly healthy.

But the gain of that million you took as a loss

And reduced your expenses where able,

And found a good way to economize lay

In dispensing with use of a table.

You have given us since but one banquet a year —

And that one arouses our choler.

The menu suggests to us seven poor guests

That you 've spent but a counterfeit dollar.

Now we hope you'll inherit ten millions or more :
Such traits merit some compensation.
As we've figured it out, with ten millions, about,
Calenus, you'll die of starvation.

BY THE BOOK

Lest you think Afer smells of his yesterday's wine
I give warning
That Afer continues potating each night
Till it's morning.

CREDE EXPERTO

Diaulus left his doctoring
To practise undertaking.
His training as a medic, though,
Has really been his making.

A ALLEYBI'S THE THING

The fact that I asked you last night
To come round this evening and dine,
Procillus, would seem to be due
To that fifth or sixth bottle of wine.

To think it entirely arranged
And take notes on the nonsense you hear
Is a hazardous way to behave —
D—n a drinker whose memory's clear!

HIS OWN PETARD

An auctioneer off'ring "rich land near the town
With some rare villa lots with a view,"
Said, "Don't understand Marcus must sell this
land.

Not a debt! Why, he loans money, too."

"What occasions the sale?" "Er — er well, it's
like this,

There he lost all his slaves, crop, and sheep —
That's the reason, you know, that he hates the
place so."

They knew. Marcus still will sell — cheap.

RISIT APOLLO

Fidentinus, by stealing my verse

As a poet you hope to be known?

That's the way Ægle thinks she has teeth,

Though her mouth's filled with iv'ry and bone.

That's the way black Lycoris is pleased

When white lead, as she thinks, makes her fair.

In the way you're poetical now

When you're bald you'll have plenty of hair.

A LASS WI' A TOCHER

Gemellus wishes heartily to marry Maronilla.

"She's pretty, eh?" Her looks won't get her off.

His prayers and sighs, his sobs and groans would move a whole flotilla.

"What is it that attracts him so?" Her cough.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

"If the gods would but grant a mere million to me,"

While untitled, would Scævola sigh,

“How noble and happy and generous I'd be.”
With a smile the gods answered his cry.

His toga and cloak ever since have looked tough,
His shoes patched from toes to the heels;
Of the ten olives served he thinks three are
enough,
And a sprat's got to last for two meals.

He quenches his thirst with Veientian wine lees,
Spends a cent on pea-soup for a snack,
Takes his girl, rather seldom, on tuppenny
sprees —
Either live, thief, or pay the gods back.

A FINAL EFFORT

You forever try business, forever try cases,
Forever try something, though hardly worth
trying.
Failing business and cases
You try your mules' paces.
Lest nothing be left to try, Tullus, try dying.

FAREWELL, ANCIENT LADY

With her "grandma" and "grandpa" to persons
of years

Afra tries to seem young when she's not.

If the date of one's birth has to do with the term,
She's the greatest grandma of the lot.

TO LÆLIUS

You damn every poem I write,

Yet you won't publish those of your own.

Now kindly let yours see the light,

Or else leave my damned ones alone.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

When the House is in uproar then only you speak,
And approve your own argumentation.

Thus, Nævulus, all have forensic technique—

Now it's quiet! Let's have your oration.

NUMBERS SWEET

Two of your teeth were blown out by a cough,
And a subsequent cough blew out two.
You can now cough away, Delia, all night and
day —
There's nothing a third cough can do.

MILLIONS IN IT

Just *give* Linus half what he asks as a loan ;
Then console
Yourself with the thought that you 'd rather lose
half
Than the whole.

TO MAMERCUS

Though you never have read us a line of your
verse,
You insist on our thinking you write.
Yes, yes, be a poet ; be anything else —
If you 'll only forbear to recite.

AN OVERSIGHT

The house of the bard Theodorus burned down!
 What an insult, O Muses, to you!
 The gods have done wrong:
 For the credit of song
 The bard — should have burned with it, too.

O CURSED SPITE

There is no one more candid than you are:
 I've noted when I read my verse
 You at once quote Catullus or Marsus,
 Implying, no doubt, that they're worse.
 Yes, I'm certain this must be your object:
 You'd prove them by contrast mere boors.
 I believe you, dear Cæcilianus —
 I wish, though, you'd quote some of yours.

TAILOR BILLS

You laughed at my toga, friend Zoilus, as worn,
 While the new one you wore fairly shone.
 I forgot to remark, overcome by your scorn:
 "My toga, though worn, is my own."

TO CANDIDUS

“All’s common ’mongst friends,” you incessantly
roar :

It applies to our case, I suppose,
When Galæsus’ rare fleeces
And Parma’s and Greece’s
Supply you with wool for your clothes.

My toga the dummy that’s tossed by the bull
Would hurriedly beg to decline.

Why, your cloak is from Tyre —
Price, a hundred, or higher :
I could n’t get three cents for mine.

Your tables are citrus with ivory legs :
Mine is beech and one leg is a box.
You eat fine, monstrous fishes
From chased golden dishes ;
I crab, from red earthenware crocks.

Your servants resemble that fair youth of Troy,
But my hand is my sole Ganymede —
There’s something the matter
With “all’s common” chatter
That profits no friend in his need.

COMMERCIALISM

The bath-keeper Davus keeps tabs on his trade :
He charged fatty Spatale triple. She paid.

TWA DOGS

Though people sniff and say
That Messrs. Roger and Gallet
Must have moved to any street you 're passing up,
Pray, Tullus, don't assume
That *you're* your rare perfume —
It smells the same when sprinkled on my pup.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

“O smile, maiden, smile, if you care to be wise,”
The Pelignian bard, I think, said.
If you dream, though, this counsel to all girls ap-
plies,
Get the notion right out of your head.

Even though he meant all girls he would n't mean
you,

For you know you're no girl now, Maxime :
Why, you've got but three teeth, if you've got
more than two ;

And they're pitch-covered bone, it would seem.

In your mirror and me put unwavering trust ;
Dread a smile as rouged Lais dreads rain,
As Priscus, the dandy, dreads wind and the dust,
As Sabella the sun on her stain.

Andromache's, Hecuba's look would n't do.

Why, for you it's too merry by half.
Keep from comedies, banquets ; be sure and eschew
Doubtful jokes that might tempt you to laugh.

Always sit by some mother who's mourning a son,
By a wife as her loved husband dies.

Go only to tragedies : gayety shun,
And weep, maiden, weep, if you're wise.

WELCOME TO OUR HOME

On my life, Decianus, I gladly would spend
Day and night in your presence alone,

But your home 's two miles off, meaning four in
 the end,
 By the time I 've returned to my own.
 And you often are n't in, or if in are n't on view,
 While you work on your cases or snore.
 I don't mind walking two miles if then I see you—
 But to see just your house and walk four!

A CAREFUL HOST

A myrrhine beaker Pontus chose
 And gave a glass to me.
 Were both transparent they 'd disclose
 Two kinds of wine, you see.

TO POSTUMUS

I 'm at loss what to think since your kiss is like
 myrrh
 And your person has always that smell:
 But I frequently wonder if—really, no slur—
 Men who always smell well can smell well.

THE WAY OUT

You owe nothing, Sextus,
Owe nothing, I say ;
For he alone owes
Who is able to pay.

TO LINUS

You ask what I grow on my Sabine estate.
A reliable answer is due.
I grow on that soil —
Far from urban turmoil —
Very happy at not seeing you.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST

The fact you notice Selius, a cloud upon his brow,
Keep tramping round the portico at nightfall
And looking woe ineffable and bending to the
ground
A nose from which you fear that something
might fall ;

The fact he's pummelling his chest and pulling
out his hair

May fill you with unjustified misgiving :
But really it's no death he mourns of brother or
of friend :

His sons both live and may they go on living.
His furniture, his slaves, and wife are in the best
of shape ;

No steward's left and left his rent-roll thinner.
"What is it makes him, then, so sad, so dismal,
so distraught ?"

He has n't been invited out to dinner.

WHERE WATER'S DEAR

There's a sly old fox at Ravenna
Who cheated me of late :

When I ordered a whiskey and water
He gave me whiskey straight.

THE BEAU

You are everywhere thought just too lovely to live.

You must be : I hear and believe it.

But, Cotilus, pray be so good as to say

What's a lovely man, as you conceive it ?

“ Well, a lovely man must have his hair combed
and curled,
Of perfumes he must n't be chary,
Must hum the last strain from the Nile and from
Spain,
Must dance well and must n't be hairy.

“ He must linger all day by some lady friend's
chair,
With murmured remarks must regale her,
Must get billets doux and respond to them, too ;
Must be firm and precise with his tailor.

“ He must always be posted on every intrigue
And must whirl in the gay social vortex ;
Each family tree through all years A. U. C.
He must know from medulla to cortex.”

That will do ! This will make a man lovely, you
say ?

I'm not in position to doubt it —
But when I want to pass for a thoroughbred ass
I can see how I'd best set about it.

A GOLDEN SORROW

I saw Saleianus in mourning array
And asked what had darkened his life.
He heaved a long sigh,
Wiped a tear from his eye,
And rejoined that he'd buried his wife.
O ye criminal Fates, what ill-will ye display
Toward a man unprepared for such lot,
Since he married the maid
(In her seventh decade)
All for love — with a two-million dot!

THRIFT

Rufus said the hare was rare
And bade them bring his whip —
It cost him more to cut his hare
Than give his cook a clip.

A REAL TEST

Elusive Ulysses, they say,
Got away
From the Sirens, gay bane of the seas,
Who provided demise
In attractive disguise
For all sailors — real heavenly speers.

Now Sirens 't was hard, it is true,
To eschew,
If one list to the strange song they sung.
But I'd just like to see
Your Ulysses get free
When old Canius starts wagging his tongue.

TONGILIANUS'S INSURANCE

No more than two thousand was paid for your
home
That the last of our many fires wrecked.
Quadruple that sum you collected from friends —
People now may begin to reflect.

TO PONTICUS

Though invited to dinner as one of your friends —
Not the client I once used to be —
Why is it I find that you 're so disinclined
To be served the same meal that 's served me ?

You enjoy mellow oysters from Lucrine lake beds
While I 'm cutting my mouth sucking clams ;
There are mushrooms for you, while the toad-
stools I chew
Make it rumored I 've got the jimjams.

You employ yourself gayly with turbot, while I
Am expected to relish a sprat :
A crow from its cage, where it died of old age,
Comes to me ; you take doves browned and fat.

Why is it when I 'm taking dinner with you
You 're not taking dinner with me ?
I 'd much rather eat what you leave when re-
plete.
Come, let 's dine alike now I 'm free.

TO CINNA

“It’s nothing” is a phrase that you
To favors oft apply.
You’re sure it’s nothing that you want?
Then nothing I’ll deny.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

The cause of the rout
When it’s rumored you’re out,
Since you wish, Ligurinus, to know it,
Of your making bare space
Of a populous place
Is just this — you’re too much of a poet.

It’s a terrible thing,
This craving to sing:
No tiger that’s robbed of her youngling,
No snake in the sun,
No irate scorpion
Is so feared as your metrical bungling.

Whether one’s sitting down,
Or is walking down town,
Or is even engaged with his toilet,

Or stretching a limb
In a run at the gym,
Up you come with an eclogue to spoil it.

When I flee to the bath
You are fast on my path,
Bawling ballads that drive me phrenetic.
I jump in the tank
And reflect if I sank
That drowning's at least anæsthetic.

When I run out to meals
You recite at my heels,
Read me epitaphs while I'm at table.
I retire, wearied out,
And am waked by your shout
That I *must* hear your versified fable.

Now a poet's worst rhymes
May be doubtful at times,
But the best ones of yours are outrageous —
You see now, I trust,
Why, though honest and just,
You are treated like something contagious.

THE SALUTATION OF POSTUMUS

“ My lips or hand ? Kiss which you choose.

It does n't matter.”

It does n't. Either way I lose.

I'll try the latter.

A NEGLECTED EDUCATION

See that man over there

With the erudite air

And a bag full of books on his arm ?

The one with the band of clerks near at hand

Who hang on his words with alarm ?

See him scanning great sheafs

Of epistles and briefs

Of the clients whose claims must be seen,

With a visage so wise that, should they arise,

Tully, Brutus, and Cato 'd turn green ?

But this very same man,

Though you 'd think that he can,

Can't, though one should torture him, say,

“ Comment allez-vous ? ” or plain “ How do do ? ”

If you doubt me, just bid him good day.

TO LÆTINUS

You pretend you 're still youthful by dyeing your
hair —

Now a crow, though a swan just of late —
But you don't fool us all, for Proserpina knows.
She 'll show up the sham of your pate.

A LIMIT

Can't I love oldish ladies, Matrinia, you ask ?
Yes, but you 're no antique; you 're remains.
Loving Hecuba, Niobe really 's no task —
Till they 're she-dogs and mineral veins.

A RANTIN' DOG

I prefer to make love to a lady:
And yet, if the lady refuse,
I'm not such a prig that the girl's *infra dig*
Who chooses one's socks, between chews.
If ladies and shop girls don't like me —
Such cases, I may say, are rare —
I'm not one to shirk wooing maids-of-all-work,
If they wear a real ladylike air.

LET THE CUP PASS

For me you mix Veientian,
While you take Massic wine :
I'd rather smell your goblet
Than take a drink from mine.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

What have you got against us, you school-teach-
ing villain,
Detested by girls and by boys,
That before crested cocks break the silence,
Your blows raise that horrible noise ?

When a bronze worker's putting a lawyer on
horseback
The blow on the anvil's less loud ;
Milder yells in the great Coliseum
The victor receives from his crowd.

We next door wish to doze — during some of
the night hours.
Entire lack of sleep makes us ill.
Let 'em out. What they pay you for bawling
We'll pay if you'll only keep still.

UPON WHAT MEAT —

Tuccus, the starveling, once journeyed to Rome —
He started the journey from Spain —
But he heard at the gate what we poor clients ate,
And at once started homeward again.

THE APOLOGY ACCEPTED

You complained of a cold before reading your
verse.

All declared the excuse quite enough.
But, Maximus, now we 're prepared to disperse,
Why on earth are you reading the stuff?

FROM THE WEST

Why, hullo, Sextus! Left the farm?
Well, here 's a how-do-do!
What rustic hope or horoscope
Fills Rome with chaps like you?

How 's that? You 'll be a Cicero?
Surprising legal bent?

Poor C——, you knew. Just his thought, too.
But he can't make his rent.

Indeed! You'll be a poet, then?
Make Virgil's verse seem flat?
See those poor coots in cast-off suits?
They're Virgils all — *verb sat.*

Oho! You'll sponge on plutocrats?
My boy, you're rather late.
Just three men say they're fed that way;
The rest are losing weight.

You want advice? You're bound to stay?
No scruples, then, but pluck.
And with a share of *savoir faire*
You may exist — with luck.

TO FABULLUS

You gave us fine perfumes at dinner to-day.
Not a thing for the meal, though, was carved.
The guest rather puts me in mind of a corpse
Who is treated to unguents and starved.

MAN AND SUPERMAN

“Quintus loves Thais.” What Thais is that?
 “Why, Thais the one-eyed, who —” Who?
 Well, I was aware
 She ’d lost one of her pair,
 But I did n’t know he had lost two.

A PRODIGAL SON

Your father allowed you a thousand a month,
 Paid daily to meet daily crises :
 For wantonness one day meant want on the next,
 If diurnal support failed your vices.
 Your father on dying made you his sole heir —
 And his coffers could stand no more filling.
 Philomusus, it’s cruel to be treated like this,
 But your sire’s cut you off with a shilling.

THE RING AND THE CROOK

To thee, O Saturn, consecrate
 Jewelled Zoilus gives with praise
 These shackles grim, these handcuffs twain —
 His rings of former days.

MUTE MILTONS

In the verse Cinna writes
I am slandered, it 's said.
But the man does n't write
Whose verses are n't read.

THIS MORTAL COIL

Ammianus's father at death
Cut him off with a dry piece of rope.
Now who would have thought that the son could
be brought
To behold his dead father and mope!

A TOTAL ABSTAINER

Though you serve richest wines,
Paulus, Rumor opines
That they poisoned your four wives, I think.
It 's of course all a lie ;
None believes less than I —
No, I really don't care for a drink.

SUCCESS

The trust concern of Cordus
Leads them all, I find.
“How’s that? Why, he’s a pauper.”
Poor chap’s in love — quite blind.

PASSING STRANGE

Silver service of all sorts, Charinus, you’ve shown.
Every cup Myron carved you have bought up;
Bowls by Scopas and Pheidias you only own,
And designs that Praxiteles thought up.

You alone have the goblets that Mentor once
made;
To show genuine Gratian you’re able.
You’ve beakers with Spanish gold richly inlaid,
And ware from your forefathers’ table.

Your assortment’s amazing: I miss but one
name —
Yet my brain at its absence is whirling —
Amid these creations of artists of fame
There is none from the hand of great Sterling.

TO GARGILIANUS

Since your gifts to old misers and widows are
great

You desire to be called "philanthropic"?

That's surely the cream

Of a low, dirty scheme —

To decoy them, and be Malapropic.

The worm on the hook is a gift to the fish,

And the bait to the bear, then, I take it.

If it's really not clear

What a gift is, see here —

I am poor, need a present: now make it.

TO ATTALUS

Though your toga's perpetually dirty,

The statement was perfectly true

Of the man who described it as snowy —

I. e. it lets all the snow through.

TO NÆVIA

Your boar you treated gentler than you treat your
sire or son.

The thought of carving fish or fowl caused pain.
To dupe us, then, you flogged your chef and
called the food half-done —
May I not be so wholly done again.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

I hear that Lycoris has buried
Every friend that she's had in her life.
I sincerely regret, Fabianus,
She's not introduced to my wife.

A MERE SUGGESTION

You read us your verse with your throat wrapped
in wool.
The reason we're anxious to know,
For to us it appears
That some wool in our ears
Would really be more apropos.

THERMOMETRICAL

A full dozen times, Zoilus, during a meal

You arise and make slaves change your clothes.
You perspire, you observe, and when damp fear
the breeze, —

No matter how lightly it blows.
Don't I, too, perspire, since I'm dining with you,
And sit at your right as a rule?
No, a poor man is not so affected by heat —
I own but one suit and keep cool.

PLAIN LIVING

Now that patrons give clients no cash souvenir,

And you now eat their meals without pay,
Tell me, Gargilianus, what you're doing here.

Your clothes cost a little, I'd say.
Whence the cash for your taking your girl on a
lark,

For your rent for that hole in the wall?
"I live in a well-reasoned way," you remark.
What's your reason for living at all?

HIGH THINKING

Poor Cotta reported he 'd twice lost his shoes —
A splendid phrase, that, "It's reported"! —
Consigned to the charge of the one careless slave
Who's the suite by which Cotta's escorted.

He, being a man very sharp and astute, —
Just the words that he used, so don't doubt
'em, —
Devised a shrewd scheme for retaining his shoes:
He has since come to dinner without 'em.

NEITHER A BORROWER

I had hardly thought by asking
For five hundred I'd be tasking
The kindness of a rich old friend like you.
"Practise law," you said; "it's healthy,
And it soon will make you wealthy."
Now, Gaius, tell me "Yes," not what to do.

NOR A LENDER BE

I can't buy a toga, a slave, or some books
To give to my study a tone,
But an old friend of mine
In the 12 p. c. line
At once fears requests for a loan.

By way of prevention he'll seem most distrait
When I meet him and stop to converse ;
In soliloquy he —
But he means it for me —
Will lament the sad state of his purse.

“ Four thousand due Phœbus, Philetas owed ten,
And Secundus, well, seven, at best —
Eh-eh, what did you say ?
Yes, it *is* a fine day —
And I have n't a cent in my chest.”

It's mean to refuse one a loan when it's asked :
To do so before is too much.
Friend Sextus, it's shrewd
But it's frightfully rude
To preclude the bare chance of a touch.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL

Mithridates took poison (small doses), we're told,
 Since he wished anti-drug vaccination.
 So Cinna's slim fare, I suppose, when he dines
 Immunes him from death by starvation.

HIGH FINANCE

"Coranus now owes me a thousand, you know,
 And Mancinus, you see, owes me two.
 And Titius owes four and Albinus four more :
 From Sabinus ten thousand is due.

"My rents and estates bring eight thousand a year,
 And my sheep flock at Parma the same,
 And — "Afer, this tale every day without fail
 I have heard, and know well as my name.

Now if I am to listen just add a new loan,
 Or engagements will call me, I fear.
 This diurnal dose is too much if you're close :
 You must pay if you want me to hear.

VENDETTA

Though it 's true, Theodorus, you frequently pray
For my book in a flattering tone,
No wonder I 'm slow; I 've good cause for delay
In my fear you 'd then send me your own.

HARD TIMES

Now that wine costs two shillings a gallon,
And wheat sells at threepence a peck,
A brainless and bibulous farmer
Must think that the country's a wreck.

TO QUINTUS

You were legally bound to buy Lælia off
Or to make her your partner for life.
You perforce took a spouse
And you 've now in your house
A really legitimate wife.

A MATTER OF TERMINOLOGY

Though a soldier at present,
 A doctor of yore,
 You but do with a sword
 What your pills did before.

DARKNESS VISIBLE

The teeth of Thais look like jet ;
 Læcania's are white.
 The cause, you ask ? The pallid set
 Go out at night.

THE BARD

You invite me to dine for this reason alone,
 So that you may recite me your verse.
 I am no sooner there
 Than along with caviare
 Comes a book that you'd hardly call terse.

Another's read through while the roast is delayed :
 Ere dessert comes another as well :

Then you read us two more
On our way to the door —
A boar served so often would smell.

Your meals, Ligurinus, are really quite good:
I'd regret to forego them, I own.
But if you don't wrap fish
In those poems, you wish,
I'll conclude, to take dinner alone.

TO BASSUS

Why write of Andromache, Niobe, friend,
Of Medea, Thyestean schemes,
When Phaethon's trip and Deucalion's dip
Suit your book to perfection as themes?

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

A man lately, Rufus, kept looking at me,
And near me would constantly linger:
You'd thought he was picking a boxer or slave,
He poked at me so with his finger.

Said he, "Are you Martial, that Martial whose
jokes

The world, barring Dutchmen, think witty?"

I nodded assent, told him I was the man,
And assumed a faint smile of self-pity.

"Then why," said he, "is it you wear such poor
clothes?"

I answered, "Since I'm a poor poet."

But, Rufus, a bard should n't suffer this twice —
You've clothes you don't need and you know it.

VARIUM

You say that you're pretty, you say that you're
young:

Now, Bassa, permit me to hint

That's just what one hears

From the girl well in years

Who's adorned with red hair and a squint.

ET MUTABILE SEMPER

Cærellia declares she's old, though young and
much admired:

Old Gellia, though, declares that she's a filly.

The pair, Collinus, you 'll discover, make one
very tired.

One's so decayed, the other one so silly.

AN INHERITANCE TAX

Full three hundred times in the course of a year

I send you Hymettian honey,

When you are to sign your last will, as I hear,

And decide what to do with your money.

Charinus, show mercy ; I'm really dead broke.

Of your last wills don't be so prolific :

Or prove only once that your cough is no joke,

But means something rather specific.

Had Cræsus presented his coffers to me

And had their dimensions been double,

Much poorer than Irus by this time I'd be

If I'd fed you so often on stubble.

BUSINESS CHANCES

For a long time you've worried, friend Lupus,
and asked

To what master you'd best give your son.

Well, the profitless knowledge
 That 's offered at college —
 Of that, I advise you, have none.

With the contents of Virgil's and Cicero's books
 His acquaintance of course should be nil.
 Leave their fame to the scholars :
 Their lectures are n't dollars.
 If he writes, cut him out of your will.

Yes, he 's out for the cash? Then his training
 should be
 On the zither or flute, it is clear.
 If he 's only half-witted,
 For two trades he 's fitted —
 One, architect ; two, auctioneer.

THE BOAST OF HERALDRY

Though she often laid claim
 To forefathers of fame,
 Thought us knights too low born to escort her,
 And had only sneers
 For all suitors save peers,
 Gellia somehow has married a porter.

THE POMP OF POWER

Just see the crowd around Saufeius!
Even Regulus,
On getting some defendant off,
Is not attended thus.

May no such train attend you, Marcus!
Feel no pique or gall.
Man needs but little here below:
Besides — they 're bailiffs all.

AT THE THEATRE. I

The command of our master and lord
That the law must no more be ignored
Which reserved fourteen rows
As knights' seats at the shows
Seemed to most Romans rather untoward.
But to Phasis the law seemed a treat,
And choosing with care a knight's seat,
Helped by grand purple vest
And an inflated chest,
He remarked with aplomb most complete:

“ Well, at last we can sit at our ease ;
I ’m glad that we knights and the lees
Of Rome’s great unwashed
Need no longer be squashed
All together and gratify fleas.”
Stretching out he went on in this style
Till the usher caught sight of his smile,
And nowise impressed
By the grand purple vest,
Gave it vigorous aid up the aisle.

THE WIDOW

Gay Galla drops for her dead spouse a tear
Where none can spy it.
To cry for men she thinks is bold, I fear,
Save on the quiet.

TO PONTILIANUS

I always greet you but you never greet me
When we meet at a corner or store.
Since I get no reply
I will just say good-by
Till we meet — on that beautiful shore.

TO CHAROPINUS

Whenever I dine without you as my guest
Your anger at once is incited :
You're ready to run a bare blade through my
chest
When you see that my kitchen fire's lighted.

Permit me to rob you of dinner some day —
There's nothing so nasty as stuffing —
At times keep your eyes off my kitchen, I pray :
Let my cook succeed once in his bluffing.

TO POSTUMUS

I'm grateful for your favors ;
They'll never be forgot.
You wonder why I'm dumb about 'em ?
Just because you're not.

Whenever I start telling
Of kindnesses you'd done,
The tale, I find, you'd quite concluded
Long ere I'd begun.

Now two men spoil the business
 That one does well alone.
 If I'm desired to open my mouth,
 Kindly shut your own.

CONSUMING TIME

The judge against his will,
 Forced by your protesting cry,
 Said he'd let you plead until
 The water-clock ran dry
 Seven times, Cæcilianus.
 A speech of such great length
 Even your throat rather tasks :
 You, though, gaining vocal strength
 By pulls at water flasks
 (Now grown warm) still entertain us.
 We're here of course to vote ;
 Of advising you none thinks :
 But if you'd fix that throat
 By going for your drinks —
 To the clock, it would n't pain us.

PROFESSIONAL HONOR

A thief, by name Cilix, whose greed has no bounds
Took a notion to rifle a garden ;
But nothing at all was within the vast grounds
Save a marble Priapus, their warden.

Some booty a tony thief's honor demands :
Cilix glared at the god and said "Drat you !"
And then he reluctantly spat on his hands
And staggered away with his statue.

IN SOCIETY

Philo swears he was never known
To dine alone :
He was n't.
Dine at all, when it comes about
He's not asked out,
He does n't.

ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP

Though he bathed with us yesterday, dined with
us, too,
And was quite in the pink of condition,
Ancus died this A. M. — of a dream that he'd
asked
Hermocrates to be his physician.

TO CORACINUS

Of cinnamon, cassia, and nest of the phœnix,
Of Niceros' ointment you smell:
And I'm marked for your wit
Since I don't smell a bit.
But I'd rather smell nowise than well.

A GOOD TABLE

Your clients' applause for your poems,
Pomponious,
Would prove not your metres but menus
Euphonious.

A FIGHTING CHANCE

On yesterday you asked me for a hundred dollar
loan,

“ A favor for just six or seven days ” :

I told you I was short of cash, implying by my tone

Your credit really does n't call for praise.

For my best plate, Cæcilianus, you then plead at
once,

Alleging that a friend would soon arrive.

When I denied one hundred you must think that

I 'm a dunce,

Or be one, to suppose I 'll give you five.

TER AMPLUM

When I saw you but now sitting down all alone,
Labienus, I thought you were three.

I am really ashamed,

But your head 's to be blamed :

Its structure misled me, you see.

There 's a great shock of hair over each of your
ears ;

By it even a boy would be graced :

But your top's destitute
 Of the tiniest shoot,
 A perfectly pastureless waste.

That time when the prince gave us baskets of
 food —
 Jove! Your head came in handy that day! —
 Only one was our due
 But he gave three to you:
 Soon after you ambled away.

I am sure you and Geryon might have been twins:
 Of Philip's arcade, then, fight shy.
 You of course are aware
 Of the reason for care —
 If Hercules sees you, good-by.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH

So, Cinnamus, *Cinna* is now your new name?
 Temerarious, treating it thus!
 Were you christened *Robertus*, then people would
 claim
 It was proper to drop off the "tus."

TO PONTILIANUS

I swallow your lies,
Your poor poems I prize ;
 When you sing I feel forced to join in.
 I take wine when you choose it,
 Don't look when you lose it ;
At cards I take care that you win.

Yet all that I do
Does n't net me a sou,
 Though you say that it will when you 're dead.
 I want nothing, believe me ;
 Don't fear, though, to grieve me
By having some sod on your head.

TO PÆTUS

If you 'd actually made me that fifty pound loan
At the time that you told me you 'd make it,
I 'd paid you back twice for the kindness you 'd
 shown
As a BENE.MERENTI.M.FECIT.

Inasmuch as the fifty has just come to hand
 And it's fully nine months you've delayed it,
 I'll tell you it's truer than truth that I've planned
 To consider it EX.T.HEREDIT.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Mr. White to Mr. Black, Mr. Weeks to Mr.
 Strong,
 Professor A—— till just quite lately turned
 them.
 Now he names aright the pair
 (Ah, the power of toil and care !)
 He thoroughly compiled the names and learned
 them.

A CLEAR CASE

A certain old man with a daughter of late
 Was assailed by requests for her hand :
 Two prætors approached him, four tribunes, they
 state,
 Seven lawyers and bards by the band.
 Papa never lingered to look at Who's Who,
 For an auctioneer, also, applied,

But gave him the girl with a grin. *Entre nous*,
Did he err in his choice for the bride?

MERE SUPERSTITION

Whenever you send me a hare you say :
 " For a week, Marcus, you 'll be fair."
Why, Gellia, my dear,
If you 're truthful, I fear
 You never have tasted hare.

A DIFFICULT PROPOSITION

For my volumes of verse, friend Tucca, you
 plead.
 Very well :
Provided you prove that you want them to read,
 Not to sell.

TO LUPERCUS

Your banquets have been many
And I have n't been to any ;
 I 'm mad and know a way
 To make you glum.

No matter how you write me,
 Tease me, beg me, and invite me—
 “Then what will you do, pray?”
 Why, then I'll come.

TO PRISCUS

While waiting to send me some verse with your
 present
 And top the Mæonian bird,
 You've made many days for us both most un-
 pleasant:
 Thalia won't utter a word.

Your lyrics pray save for those fortunate mortals
 Whose treasures are grown adipose:
 To poor men please send with despatch from your
 portals
 Their presents with greetings in prose.

A ROMAN CLINIC

Since I felt rather queer Dr. Symmachus called
 With his five score of students in tow.

Five score hands (Lord, the chill!) poked me
where I was ill —
Before I'd no fever, I know.

IN SUSPENSE

You have heard of our judge's new way, I suppose,
Of pronouncing a capital sentence?
Defendants are told that when he blows his nose
It is time for a gallows' repentance.
With a cold in his head one chill day at the court
He ought to have blown when he should n't:
Those near held his hands — it was clearly a tort:
But the case was n't closed and he could n't.

AT THE THEATRE. II

Accustomed to sit in the very front row
When the first comers sat where they pleased,
Nanneius quite scoffed
At new laws and as oft
On the seat of a knight straightway seized.

But he found himself forced to keep changing his
camps

Since the usher was deaf to his prayers :

When no seat was in sight

He stayed nearly a knight,

For he squeezed between two of their chairs.

With only one eye leering over his cloak

That he'd pulled on his head in his guile,

He took in the show

Feeling quite *du monde beau*

Till the usher next showed him the aisle.

At last twixt the seats of the knights and the
plebs

He crouched on one knee best he could,

Telling those who were near

He was sitting down here,

But telling the usher he stood.

AT BAYS'S

See the very last man on the middle couch here

With the three prongs of perfume-drenched
hair ?

Well, his debonair use of that toothpick's a bluff—

He has n't a single tooth there.

TO GARGILIANUS

“Fool For Sale,” said the placard :
The price was immense,
But I bought him. Repay me —
The rascal's got sense.

A TEMPERANCE DRINK

Accustomed to smelling of much too much wine,
Now Myrtale's spreeds, she conceives,
Are quite covered up
Since she puts in her cup
Wine and laurel and chews up the leaves.
So now when you meet her with rubicund face
And with eyes that look round but don't see,
And with veins large and dark,
It's polite to remark :
“Ah, Myrt! Drunk again? On a tree?”

TO POSTUMUS

When you kiss me you use only half of your
mouth.

I approve. Half that half, though, will do.
Will you grant me a greater, ineffable boon?
Keep the rest of that latter half, too.

DIVINELY TALL

With Nero's Colossus you 'd easily compete,
Fair Claudia, — if shorter by barely two feet.

CHANGE AND REST

The sacred corse of Saloninus lies in Spanish
ground.

No nobler shade doth view the Stygian lea.
But grieve not, Priscus: he who leaves thy neigh-
borhood hath found
A place where he doth much prefer to be.

WHAT'S THE USE

In the thought that those layers of grease pass for
hair

A delusion, friend Phœbus, you harbor.

It's artfully spread, to be sure, on your head;

But it's clear that a sponge is your barber.

A MISSING LINK

"There's a horrible smell in poor Marius' ear."

You're surprised at the matter?

A coincidence, Nestor, escapes you, I fear —

That's just where you chatter.

TO LAWYER POSTUMUS

It's no case of murder, or poison, or rape

That I've paid you to plead, my dear sir:

It's there in your notes;

I want my three goats

That a near neighbor stole, I aver.

The proof of this claim 's what the judge wants to
hear :

Kindly let Mithridatic wars drop.

The Cannæ defeat

And Punic deceit

In this case seem rather *de trop*.

On Marius, Sulla, and Mucius, I think,

We've dined long enough *table d'hôte* :

Save some of your strength

And struggle at length

To flavor your discourse with goat.

TO RUSTICUS

So I seem a cruel glutton for flogging my cook

Just because of the poor meal I've eaten ?

If that 's an offence that you think I should brook,

Pray for what can the rascal be beaten ?

TO UMBER

You 've sent me all of the Christmas gifts
That the season has brought to you :
 A sponge and a bowl and a handkerchief,
 And toothpicks in number beyond belief,
And a dozen of diaries, too ;

Picenum olives, a peck of beans,
And a murky old cask of must,
 Some minikin prunes and some mouldy
 plums ;
 A jar full of figs raised in Libya comes
As an end to the deluge, I trust.

I 'm sure a shilling would buy the lot
Of these gifts that I now enjoy :
 The eight giant slaves, then, who brought
 them here
 As well as yourself would have paid less dear,
If you 'd sent me two bits by a boy.

THE WISEST FOOL

Every day Varus writes
Scores of verses, I've heard :
But he never recites.
He's both wise and absurd.

TO MARCUS

You're surprised no Orestes, no Pylades lives
'Mid our crass and degenerate line?
Both of them ate the same,
Same bread and same game,
And they both drank the very same wine.
Now in our case it's different: those oysters of
yours
Come from rich Lucrine beds, I opine,
While these clams I devour
Try my muscular power;
Yet your stomach's no nicer than mine.
All your clothing is Tyrian, mine greasy Gaul's.
Souls in purple and patches combine!
Be Orestes to me
And I'll Pylades be.
No large talk! To procure love prove thine.

THE WORST OF IT

Cinna, grant me my request :
 (I warmly hope you 'll choose to !)
Or do what I think second best,
 In haste refuse to.

Patrons I esteem, nor hate
 The man I can't bamboozle :
But you give naught, yet make me wait
 A slow refusal.

A REFUGEE

Tuns of wine aged in smoke rooms in dirty Mar-
 seilles,
Tuns that got all their sunlight from fire,
 Munna sends C. O. D.
 To his friends 'cross the sea :
Freight on nectar could hardly be higher.

We can buy the best Massic or Setian for less,
For this poison 's not cheap as you 'd think.
 Munna never comes home
 To his friends here at Rome —
He 's afraid that we 'd give him a drink.

TO AULUS

Though my readers sincerely admire me,
A poet finds fault with my books.
What 's the odds? When I 'm giving a dinner
I 'd rather please guests than the cooks.

TO NASIDIANUS

Every morning you tell me of dreams that you 've
had
About me, and they fill me with dread:
First my wine to the lees, then my vines went as
fees
To exorcise you and your bed.

Great heaps of salt meal and of incense I 've
burned ;
Not a hen 's left, an egg on my shelf;
I 've offered my rams, my last porkers and
lambs —
Stay awake now, or dream of yourself.

THE MORNING AFTER

A guest at a banquet by Sinope's stream,
Philostratus left rather late.
His lodgings were n't near
And his legs were n't in gear
And he just missed Elpenor's sad fate.
For he thought while descending a long flight of
stairs
He would take them in units of nine —
O nymph of the stream,
He 'd feel better, 't would seem,
Had he drunk only liquid of thine.

TO PHŒBUS

Instead of returning my thousand pound note
Kindly make me a hundred pound loan :
The former, as kindness, seems rather remote —
What I owe and can't pay is my own.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI

“O mores, O tempora,” Cicero cried
 When Catiline gathered his band,
 When father and son by the other’s hand died
 And civil war reddened the land.

But in crying “O mores, O tempora” now
 Show me, Cæcilianus, the point:
 We’ve no savage leaders, mad weapons; say how
 The time seems to you out of joint.

Unheard now is battle’s alarum and noise,
 And our peace, our contentment endures:
 No *mores* of ours spoil your *tempora’s* joys —
 Though ours rather suffer from yours.

TO CÆCILIANUS

I asked you round to dine to-night:
 It’s ten A. M. — you’ve come.
 The beasts still battle on the sand
 And still the law courts hum.
 Callistus, hurry, call the slaves!
 Not washed yet? I declare!

Well, bring some cushions. Now, my friend,
Be seated. That 's it! There!
Warm water, eh? The cold 's not on:
My kitchen 's closed since eight.
Why wait till ten? Come earlier —
For breakfast you 're too late.

LIP SERVICE

“ If there 's need, you 're aware I don't have to
be asked.”

You tell me this ten times a day.

I 'm willing to bet

If we met in Tophet,

“ If there 's need ” are the first words you 'd
say.

But I never yet saw any man so obtuse :

If I 'm dunned by Secundus the Jew,

Though you hear you don't heed

Intimations of need,

Be his words of real sulphurous hue.

My rent is demanded, when you 're standing by,

With a vulgar and vehement shout :

But you hear and don't heed
Intimations of need
When I say that I'd hate to move out.

In your presence I sometimes allude to the fact
That my toga is thin, worn and old:
But you hear and don't heed
Intimations of need,
Though my teeth do a clog with the cold.

What I need of you, Baccara, just now is this —
From temptation to kill to be freed:
May a star strike you dumb
Or to death you'll succumb
Some fine day when you start, "If there's
need."

A WORD TO THE WISE GOD

No garden or vineyard hast thou in thy care,
But a grove is watched over by thee:
Priapus, remember that thou wert born there —
And another Priapus may be.
Priapus, protect this rare grove of thy race;
Guard it well from hands itching for pelf;

Preserve all its trees for its owner's fire-place —
If you don't, well, you 're wooden, yourself.

THE GLISTERING FOIL

The girls she takes with her to plays and cafés
Have such very unfortunate faces
And seem such antiques
Or, pardon me, freaks,
That Fabulla seems one of the Graces.

MIND VS. MATTER

With six A. M. calls in all parts of the town,
With escorting the purse-proud about,
With salaams to each lord poor Charinus got
bored,
And feigned a severe case of gout.

In his earnest desire to convince them 't was real
He so doctored and bound up his feet,
And walked with such pain — what can art not
attain? —
That his gout is no longer deceit.

AT A ROMAN FESTIVAL

I intended to send you and Stella some game
For the fête, but while making selection
A huge flock of friends, Flaccus, casually came
And each spoke of our mutual affection.
I am loath to wound two friends, afraid to wound
more,
And unable to send game to many.
My conduct must not give offence on this score:
I shall send out no game, then, to any.

SELF-PROTECTION

“Your cerused lips and bandaged chin seem well;
Pray what’s amiss?”
Philænis, if I’ve got to tell—
I dread your kiss.

A THRENODY

Shun the barber Antiochus, friend, if you have
No immediate use for a tomb :
A shave at his shop
Means a single-trip drop
To the regions of Stygian gloom.

The gashes that Cybele's votaries give
In wild dance to a Phrygian air ;
Those of Alcon, M. D.
On a surgical spree
Seem but jokes to the man in his chair.

Only Stoics and Cynics are fit for his blade ;
They 're tough and have nothing to lose :
Or he might have recourse
To the mane of a horse —
If he found one too tired to refuse.

To his mother, on hearing him, Pentheus would
run
And Orpheus with Mænads seek rest ;
Why, on feeling his steel
Stern Prometheus would reel,
Call his bird and uncover his breast.

Don't think from the numerous scars on my chin
 That I've fought with a brass-knuckled tough,
 Or can tell lurid tales
 Of my better half's nails :
 Antiochus shaved me — enough.

In avoiding the razor one creature alone
 Shows wisdom that's worthy of note :
 We are shorn of our beard
 Though this barber is feared,
 But there's still one who won't be, the goat.

AXIOMATIC

Blind Asper's in love —
 With a beauty, *on dit* ;
 Here's one of those men
 Who love more than they see.

ORACULAR

Marcus tells all his friends
 He intends to dine out :
 At the baths he then banquets
 On eggs, greens and pout.

ET NON MUTAMUR IN ILLIS

For hours without stopping

Mamura goes shopping

Where golden Rome's grand bazaar lies :

Comely slaves he inspects,

Pointing out their defects

As he quite eats them up with his eyes.

His taste far surpasses

The taste of the masses :

Their best girls he tells them to show,

And upstairs in the mart

Studies slaves set apart,

Unprofaned by the gaze of the low.

He then, satiated,

Has tables uncrated ;

Iv'ry stands from top shelves bids them get :

A tortoise shell chair,

Thrice measured with care,

He groans is too small for his set.

He appeared to be telling

Corinthian by smelling ;

In Myron's art flaws he descried ;

Sighed on finding a spot

In a crystalline pot ;

Ordered ten agate jars laid aside.

Over old bowls he lingered ;
Their chasing he fingered ;
Then asked to see cups Mentor wrought.
After counting the gems
On their handles he hems —
And would like to see ear-rings, he thought.
Then the jewel shops he haunted,
Real sardonyx wanted,
And priced one as big as a dome.
Now the day being spent,
He bought two cups — one cent —
Tucked them under his arm and walked home.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN

“Athenagoras’ bereavement will explain, no doubt,
The fact he’s made his friends no gifts this
year.”

Whether he has been bereaved, Faustinus, I’ll
find out.

He certainly has brought bereavement here.

PROTHALAMION

Chrestilla has buried her husbands,
While Fabius has buried his wives :
 Since they 're both sure to make
 Every marriage a wake,
Pray, Venus, unite their two lives.

TO GARRICUS

Since you swore by your head
That when you were dead
 I 'd come in for a fourth of your money,
I thought it no jest as my presents attest —
 But now it begins to look funny.

For I sent you of late
A boar of great weight —
 One might think it that pest of Ætolia ;
All the mob and élite you then bade come and eat :
 Rome gorged till it got melancholia.

But I — I — what gall !
Was n't asked there at all.
 Of its tail, even teeth, you bereft me.

For a fourth of your wealth can I hope, when a
 twel'th
 Of a boar of my own is n't left me ?

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

That your trees may be bold
 When the weather grows cold ;
 That their buds may be nipped by no breeze,
 In hot-houses faced
 To the south they 're encased
 And enjoy the warm sunlight at ease.
 In a cell I am bunked
 With one window — defunct ;
 If he slept there old Boreas would sneeze.
 If this is the best
 That you 'll do for a guest,
 Why, the next time I 'll visit your trees.

BETWEEN THE LINES

The man who sends you presents, Gaurus, —
 You so rich and gray —
 Remarks, if you 've got sense and insight,
 “ Kindly pass away.”

TO POLYCHARMUS

For returning to Gaius his ten thousand note
Don't feel a philanthropist's thrill.
If you wish for his praise
Keep his note till he pays
And just loan him a ten-dollar bill.

WHERE FANCY'S BRED

If we look at your Phyllis who serves us our wine,
Angry sparks, Afer, dart from your eyes.
In a glance at a waitress there 's nothing malign :
Why, we stare at gods, temples and skies.

When she 's filling my glass must I sit with turned
head,
Think her smile a cruel Gorgonic grin ?
Why, Hebe and Hercules hold hands, it 's said,
And Hermes makes free with her chin.

If the guests at your board must n't look at your
maid,
I 'd advise you to get one less fair.

Or as means of decorum this might be essayed —
 Have just Homer and Œdipus there.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

You extol in some hundreds of verses, Sabellus,
 The baths of rich Pontus who dines like a lord :
 But the friends who are nearest you hopelessly tell
 us
 It can't be you 're looking for baths but for
 board.

HOME AGAIN

For the fifth successive day
 I've made attempts to say
 To Afer back from Carthage, " Glad to see
 you !"
 " He 's asleep," or " Now he 's busy,"
 I've been told till I've grown dizzy.
 You wish no greeting, Afer ? Then adieu.

CAUTION

To that hair and those teeth, Lydia,
Don't give a thought :
But that eye you've got left, Lydia !
Eyes can't be bought.

TO CÆDICIANUS

So you wonder why Afer dislikes to retire ?
Take a look at his wife and you need n't inquire.

OF THE QUALITY

You declare my genius slight ;
Say the songs are short I write
And so people rush to buy them in a flood.
Think you, Gaurus, yours is great
Since in six tomes you narrate
Old Priam's awful fight 'mid seas of blood ?
Though they're boys whom I portray,
They're made boys who live and play.
The Giants you create are made of mud.

A MOST DELICATE MONSTER

Since the gleaming expanse on the top of your
head,
Marinus, seems painfully wide,
You gather together and spread on the tract
The hairs that remain on each side.

But the breath of the wind promptly blows them
about
And straightway the middle space clears,
And long strands so surround the bare waste that
you seem
Like a Roundhead 'twixt two Cavaliers.

Now why not be candid, confess that you 're old,
Meet nature with heart unappalled?
You 'll at least then seem one man: there's no-
thing so bad
As a being hirsute and yet bald.

AN AMAZING MARRIAGE

Since you both are alike in your tastes and ideals —
Each the worst of your sex above ground —

I observe with surprise, in a marriage so wise,
That harmony has n't been found.

OUTCLASSED

Torquatus four miles from the city
Owns a country seat costly and grand :
Four miles from the city Otillus
Bought a cot and an acre of land.

Torquatus reared baths of rich marble ;
You 'd think they were built for a club :
Otillus installed then, undaunted,
A superfine second-hand tub.

Torquatus had laurel groves planted ;
Each tree was well-leaved and full grown :
As soon as he saw them Otillus
Had a hundred of fine acorns sown.

Torquatus was next chosen consul :
Otillus was boss of his ward
And inwardly felt more than certain
That now poor Torquatus was floored.

I fear it will end like the fable
Where the undergrown frog had a thirst
To rival the ox in dimensions:
There's danger Otillus will burst.

TO OLUS

Though your table's impressively laden with
dishes,
A cover's on each.
I could dine well myself, were my dainties thus
hidden
And quite out of reach.

THE RIVALS

Now Paulus, when a man like you, our consul for
the year,
Wears out a thousand floors in morning calls,
For us mere *hoi polloi*
What is there to enjoy
From plutocrats when we, too, crowd their
halls?

Pray whom can I call "lord and master" profitably now?

From you the phrase gains zest through fame and blood.

If I attend his chair
Its load you help to bear,
And fight to be the first to brave the mud.

Though I arise applauding as we listen to his verse,

You waft him kisses, ever on your feet.

A poor man's quite bereft

If not a patron's left:

With purple togas, though, ours can't compete.

SOLD

Bassus purchased at five hundred dollars apiece

Some Tyrian cloaks of best shade.

Quite a lucrative day! "Such a bargain?" you say.

Well, no: but the bill won't be paid.

ADELPHI

Since Corinth, Charmenion, boasts of your birth—

At least none denies when you say so—

Pray why call me “brother” though I come from
Spain

And it’s quite from the Tagus I stray so?

You surely can’t fancy that we look alike?

If you do, then you do so unduly.

Why, you stroll about with your locks oiled and
curled,

While my rough Spanish crop is unruly.

Superfluous hair from your body’s removed:

I bother no branch, twig, or scion.

Our likeness is that of the eagle and dove,

Of the timid gazelle and the lion.

The voice of my daughter’s more manly than
yours:

Your tongue, from your lisp, seems a blister.

Stop calling me “brother,” Charmenion, then,

Or I’ll have to start calling you “sister.”

TO PHILEROS

In the soil of your farm are your seven rich wives,
All in urns.

That farm never yielded to any one else
Such returns.

AT THE THEATRE. III

While purple Euclides indignant exclaimed
That his land brought him thousands a year
And declared his forebears were all men rich and
famed

Whose descent from fair Leda was clear ;
While he thus showed the usher a seat was his
right

As the pet of the Roman élite,
There fell from the pouch of this proud wealthy
knight —

A permit to grind on the street.

ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION

Hylas offered three fourths when his eyes became
sore ;

Now one 's gone he 'll pay half what you lent.
Golden moments soon fly, Quintus : so may the
eye.

If it does, he won't pay you a cent.

THE ANTIQUARY

The antiques of old Auctus will bore me to death :

I prefer ware of clay from Saguntum.

Of his pedigree'd plate

Wondrous tales he 'll relate :

If you thirst till he 's through you 'll affront 'm.

“On Laomedon's board were these goblets you see,
Bestowed for his walls on Apollo :

With that bowl that dire day

Rhœtus entered the fray —

A Lapith's head left this deep hollow.

“ You have read of the cups Nestor owned : these
are they.

You can see where his thumb 's worn 'em
brighter.

And Achilles (Il. IX)

Filled this tankard with wine

Of a kind that would make his friends tighter.

“ With this beaker at Carthage Æneas was pledged
By his hostess, the beautiful Dido ” —

When he 's got you enthused,

Then from jars Priam used

He pours wine that you 'd hate to give Fido.

TO VACERRA

You 're a blackmailer, bruiser and liar,

A usurer, pimp and a cheat :

With methods so sound I 'm surprised that you 've
found

Gaining wealth an impossible feat.

TO COTTA

With an amethyst cup
You have set yourself up
By drinking Opimian old.
I get Sabine, just casked :
“ Have a gold cup ? ” I ’m asked.
Who wants wine of lead served in gold ?

TO BASSUS

In my toga all day
For three bits as pay
I ’m to serve as your escort and porter ?
My toga is worn, yes, and cheap and forlorn,
But it really cost more than a quarter.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

Maro loudly made a vow
That should his friend get well,
A victim offered unto Jove
His joy should tell.

Doctor says the friend (who's rich)
Is safely past the worst,
And Maro's busy making vows
To hedge the first.

THE CENSUS TAKER

You were born when gruff Brutus was consul?
Excuse me, dear madam, you lie.
Oh, born in the reign of king Numa?
Once more now. King Numa? My eye!
Come, Lesbia, come now, be candid;
It's clear that you're hardly a bud.
If looks are to furnish my data,
You're made of Promethean mud.

TO PICENTINUS

Of the husbands that Galla has laid in their graves
A conservative number is seven.
But her marriage to you
Proves it palpably true
That she wishes to join them in heaven.

TO SEPTICIANUS

You've returned me my book all unrolled to the
end :

That you've read it is visibly shown.

I know it. It's true. I believe and commend —

That's the way I've read four of your own.

NO RECOMMENDATION

“Now Aper is a sober man ;

He never had a jag on.”

Well, what of that ? I wish my slaves,

Not friends, to hate a flagon.

TO SOSIBIANUS

No one unless he's both childless and rich
Visits gratis with you.

No one rents lodgings at rates quite so high
As the rate is with you.

TO MARO

You give me no money while living,
But say that you will when you 're dead :
My consequent hope is n't hidden,
Unless there 's a void in your head.

SPECIALIST WANTED

You expect me to call on you, Gallus, each day,
To escort you about like a menial.
My climbs beyond count
Up your Aventine mount
You appear to think highly congenial.

Cascellius with forceps or filling removes
An odontochirurgical swelling :
Who fixes sore eyes
You can easily surmise
From the sign by Hyginus's dwelling :

Superfluous uvula Fannius extracts,
And Hermes is famed for his clysters,
And Eros you 'll choose
If you 've got a bad bruise —
Gallus, whom can I go to for blisters ?

SEXTUS'S SATURNALIAN PRESENT

Instead of a full pound of silver comes half —
And a half pound of pepper at that.
Your grocer's a cheat : I prefer the old gift.
Such a price for mere pepper's too fat.

OF OTHER DAYS

That jewel in your ring is quite lost in the gold
Though it's almost as big as an egg.
I dislike innuendo — but, Zoilus, such rings
Would seem more *comme il faut* on your leg.

TWO OF A KIND

You wish to marry Priscus, Paula?
Very wise of you.
Priscus won't assent, you tell me?
He's wise, too.

A DIAGNOSIS

Charinus, the cause of that head-wrap you wear
Is n't pain at your ear-drums, but pain at your
hair.

TO PANNYCHUS

Near a graveyard you 've purchased a farm and a
shed

So anæmic it's resting on stanchions.

The bar you 've deserted, forego daily bread

Got by toga'd attendance at mansions.

But your practice at law was a farm hard to beat,

Though your fees gave occasion for banter:

As a lawyer you sold the beans, barley, and wheat

That you now have to buy as a planter.

IMPROVING

For extempore speaking the orator Rufus

Is lately acquiring much fame:

Why, he really saluted Calpurnius rightly

Without having written his name.

UNION LABOR

By the time the barber Eurus
Had circled Lupo's face
A second beard had sprouted
In the first one's place.

THE ONLY WAY

Gellius builds all the year :
Now new thresholds appear,
Now a new lock is put in commission ;
Now a window's renewed,
Readjusted, or screwed ;
Now he moves one a bit in position.
If he " builds " he's content,
Though he maybe has spent
Just a dime for a bottle of gilding ;
For his friends must condone
His refusals to loan,
If he truly alleges, " I'm building."

TO CATULLUS

My name 's in your will as your heir,
So you 've said.
I 'll continue to doubt till the day —
When it 's read.

TO FLACCUS

The friends who must kiss you whenever you 're
seen

Are people you simply can't flee.

They rush up or delay, meet or chase one all day
North and south, down a hole, up a tree.

Big boils or bad sores, barber's itch or rough beard
Not the slightest restrictions impose ;

And you 're kissed though salve drips from your
cruelly chapped lips,

Though it 's clear that you must blow your
nose.

They kiss you when hot and they kiss you when
cold,

Or when saving your kiss for your bride.

You can pull up your cloak on your head till you
choke,
But you 'll find that it 's useless to hide.

You 're foiled if you fancy Sedan chairs will help :
They can handle such cases like wax.
Though the blinds are fixed right and the curtain
drawn tight
Still the kisser comes in through the cracks.

Though you 're tribune or consul you 're still but
their friend ;
At your pomp they feel nothing of awe :
Your loud lictors' proud staves each one cheer-
fully braves
And firmly declines to withdraw.

Though you 're seated on high in your chair in
the House
Making laws for both Gentile and Jew,
They are nowise nonplussed by your function
august :
The tribunal they promptly climb, too.

Though you 're fev'rish, or weeping, or washing
your head,
Though you yawn, swim, or run, they don't
miss ;

You will still be their prey. Of escape there 's one
way —
Have as friends only men you won't kiss.

TO QUINTUS

Your birthday I wished to observe with a gift ;
You forbade and your firmness is known.
Every man to his taste :
I remark with some haste,
May the third is the date of my own.

A PANACEA

Polycharmus, you 're sick fully ten times a year :
It 's your friends, though, your illnesses bore.
You ask us for banquets each time you get well :
Be decent ; get sick now — once more.

PLAY'S THE THING

Aper pierced his wife's heart with an arrow :
 While playing, friends say.
 The wife was exceedingly wealthy :
 He knows how to play.

A SOFT ANSWER

“ Marcus, tell me just the truth and nothing but
 the truth ;
 There's nothing gives me such consummate
 pleasure.”
 This plea you oft rehearse
 On reading me your verse,
 Or speaking in the courts upon some measure.
 Gallicus, I find it hard refusing your request
 That I abstain from everything mendacious.
 I'll tell you then in sooth
 A thing more true than truth —
 I'm sure you'd find the truth was quite vexa-
 tious.

A HEMPEN LOOK

With that queer halting gait, damaged eye and
dark skin,
And clipped hair that 's the last thing in sorrels,
You 're rather anomalous, Zoilus, unless
Something 's very much wrong with your
morals.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Lætinus, you ask me in pain and surprise
Why your fever stays day after day.
Well, it rides out with you and is bathed with you
too,
Dines on oysters, boar, mushrooms, pâté.

Then it often gets drunk on Falernian wine ;
Without snow it thinks Cæcuban cheap ;
Amid perfume and flowers it keeps very late hours,
And on fine feather beds goes to sleep.

The days are so pleasant it passes with you
That you surely can't ask it to go

To some beggarly cot in a deadly dull spot
Where its life would be awfully slow.

NOVO RITU

In part you 've plucked, in part you 've shaved,
In part you 've cut your hair.
It's really hard to be quite sure
You've only one head there.

TO TELESINUS

You're short if I ask for a loan on my note :
For a loan on my farm it's at hand.
The reliance you won't place in me, your old
friend,
You will place in my trees and my land.

Aha! Charged with treason by Carus? Well,
well!
Let my farm show the court that it's wrong.
How is that? Want a friend to share exile with
you?
Why of course! Let my farm go along.

TO POLLIO

When drunk at night you promise gifts
Which don't appear next day.
Instead of evening exhibitions
Give a matinée.

NO EXCUSE

I conducted your case for a two thousand fee :
The cause of your paying but one I don't see.
 " Vapid gushing.
The loss of my case I attribute to you."
Well, Sextus, you 're right, but a bigger fee's
 due
 For my blushing.

A LIGHT WINE

The vines are still yielding in parts of the land.
The shower that recently came
 The growers long asked,
 And Coranus has casked
Full five thousand quarts — of the same.

LEGAL FICTION

Paulus buys a book of verse
And reads us then his own.
One's right, of course, to what one buys
Can legally be shown.

TO TUCCA

We used to write epics: you started: we quit.
Competition with yours would n't do.
When our muse next would turn us
To tragic cothurnus
In tragedy's gown we found you.
We next struck our lyre in Horatian song,
But you snatched the new pick from our fist.
On satire we ventured:
You rivalled and censured.
Our elegy's next on your list.
More modestly still, we tried epigrams then:
Even here, though, our palm is your prey.
Choose some style of writing
You don't find inviting
And leave it for me to essay.

THE GOLDEN AGE

I hesitate to marry Paula :
Paula seems much bolder.
She's too old. I'd marry Paula
Were she only — older.

TO PRISCUS

My ethical state,
Were I wealthy and great,
Is a subject you wish I'd reply on.
Now who can foresee
What his morals might be ?
What would yours be if you were a lion ?

BEYOND REVENGE

Happy Cordova, famed for wine, olives and sheep
Whose golden wool dyes never touch,
Tell that poet of yours he should purchase my
books,
Or else should n't tap them so much.

If a good poet chooses to rob me of thoughts
Every once in a while, I don't mind :
There are uninspired moments when I might be
glad
To repay him the kindness in kind.

But a bachelor calmly may flirt with your wife,
And a blind man may put out your eyes :
There is nothing much worse than a penniless
thief,
Nothing safer than bards you despise.

VERY ANCIENT AND FISHLIKE

Philænis wears dresses of purple all day,
And she sleeps in a purple gown, too :
But pride she has none and no love of display —
It's the odor she loves, not the hue.

HYPOTHETICAL

If the hairs on her head
Numbered Lydia's years,
Lydia'd be but a tenth
Of the age she appears.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

When a bow-legged slave took his towels to the
baths

And a hag with one eye watched his clothes,

And a ruptured slave rubbed

Him with grease when he 'd tubbed,

Aper hated *bon ton* as mere pose.

As for liquor he thought it all beastly and vile,

And exclaimed that if he had his way,

He 'd smash every stein,

Spill Falernian wine —

“Only foppish knights use it,” he 'd say.

Since his uncle, however, has left him his heir,

From the baths he 's come drunk each p. m.

Cups of gold richly chased

And fair slaves change our taste.

Aper poor never thirsted — *pro tem.*

ARCADES AMBO

Lupercus and Gallus sell verse of their own:

That poets are sane is conclusively shown.

THE GRAY GOOSE QUILL

In the time that I spend in escorting you round,
Giving ear to your profitless proems,
And in greeting with praise all your words and
your ways,
I could write almost numberless poems.

Is it right that the lines that the Romans all read,
Lines that lords, knights, and lawyers all cherish,
Lines that men of sense learn, lines that poets all
spurn
Should for your sake be suffered to perish?

Now I ask you, Labullus, can I endure this —
For no view of the case could be truer —
That the crowd at your door may be swelled by
one more,
Must the books that I write be the fewer?

In the last thirty days I have written one page
(And my friends' praise of that 's not emphatic).
Ah, this life at Rome 's hard on the indigent bard
Who 's unwilling to dine in his attic.

A DROP IN THE BUCKET

Buccus borrowed twenty thousand? Money's
lost, you say?

Two thousand lent to me is therefore due?
Pætus, for another's fault I should n't have to pay:
You've stood the loss of twenty — lose the
two.

THE POINT OF VIEW

As a Stoic, Chæremon, you eulogize death:
Don't think you do aught to admire there.
You're bold since you've got
Only one broken pot
And a woebegone grate with no fire there,
And a mat and a bug and the frame of a bed,
And a toga whose duty is double.
Ah, brave to resign
All those lees of sour wine,
To forego eating black bread and stubble!

But look here! Gallic wool swells your mattresses
now;
You've a purple draped couch, one supposes:

Fair slaves when you dine
 . Serve you Cæcuban wine ;
 You 've a mistress whose lips are like roses.
 Were it thus you would wish to live thrice Nes-
 tor's years ;
 Every moment you 'd cherish and treasure.
 When a man's down at heels
 Death 's a pleasure, he feels.
 He 's brave who refuses the pleasure.

PAS TOUT BEAU

I hate you since you 're such a beau, Corot.
 Disgusting things are beaux, and so Corot.
 I'd rather know war's woe than know Corot.
 Pray decompose, my beau Corot, below.

NO TEMPTATION

"Some bandits kissed me," Sænia cried.
 The bandits, one and all, denied.

UN MÉDECIN MALGRÉ EUX

Diaulus now 's a body snatcher,
Though a surgeon once.
His clientèle, however, left him —
It 's for them he hunts.

NOTES

- ÆTOLIA** (pest of). The huge Calydonian boar, finally hunted and slain by the united heroes of Greece.
- ANDROMACHE.** Wife of Hector, prince and champion of the Trojans. Her husband was slain by Achilles; her son was killed; her city was destroyed; she herself was taken into captivity.
- BATHS.** The larger of the Roman baths (*thermæ*) were of immense size and corresponded to a combination of our athletic field, club, baths, and library.
- BRUTUS.** Consul about 500 B. C.
- CÆCUBAN.** Cæcuban, Falernian, Massic, Opimian and Setian were costly wines; Sabine and Veientian cheap ones.
- CATULLUS.** The greatest of Roman lyrists; born about 90 B. C.
- CLIENTS.** In Martial's day the *client*, clad in his toga, was expected to appear early in the morning at the house of his *patron* to pay his respects to him and to escort him about the city, if this was desired. A dinner or a cash recompense of about thirty cents was his daily pay for these services. Domitian ordered that dinners be given the clients instead of money, and Martial speaks of this "reform" with regret: it appears to have been short-lived. The number of clients in Rome was vast and their truck-

ling duties many: they often might contrive to serve several patrons on the same day.

CORINTHIAN. A ware of unknown origin and composition; highly prized and uncommon.

CYBELE. One of the eastern deities whose worship was attended by orgiastic rites and self-inflicted torture.

DEUCALION. The Noah of Greek mythology.

ELPENOR. One of the companions of Ulysses: while intoxicated he fell from the roof of a house and was killed.

FALERNIAN. See Cæcuban.

GANYMEDE. A beautiful Phrygian boy carried to Olympus by Jove's eagle and made cup-bearer of the gods in place of Hebe.

GERYON. A three-headed monster slain by Hercules.

HEBE. Daughter of Jupiter and Juno. See Ganymede.

HECUBA. Wife of Priam, king of Troy. Her many children and her husband were slain by the Greeks, and she herself, like Andromache, was taken into captivity. She was finally changed into a dog.

HERCULES. Son of Jupiter and Alcmena, received into heaven at the end of his labors.

HERMES. The Roman Mercury, messenger of the gods.

HOMER. Blind, according to tradition.

IRUS. The Lazarus of the Greeks and Romans.

KNIGHTS. A class between nobles and plebeians. The possession of some 20,000 dollars, at least, was normally necessary to a man's being of this rank. They had certain privileges, among which was that of

sitting in fourteen rows of reserved seats at the theatre: these seats were not reserved with equal strictness, however, at all times.

LAOMEDON. Ancient king of Troy, whose walls were built by Apollo and Neptune.

LAPITHS. At the marriage of Pirithous, king of the Lapiths, certain of the Centaurs were guests. They behaved in an indecorous fashion at the banquet and a quarrel between hosts and guests ensued in which the Centaurs were worsted. Rhœtus was one of their number.

LEDA. Early queen of Sparta, visited by Jupiter in the form of a swan.

MÆNADS. Thracian Bacchanals who tore in pieces Orpheus the minstrel.

MÆONIAN (bird). Homer.

MARSUS. A famous poet of the Augustan age.

MASSIC. See Cæcuban.

MEDEA. The great sorceress of Greek legend.

NESTOR. The wise counsellor of the Greek army at Troy. He lived "three generations of men."

NIobe. After her fourteen children had been killed by Apollo and Diana, Niobe was changed to stone.

NUMA. The "second king" of Rome; 700 B. C.

ŒDIPUS. King of Thebes who blinded himself, according to legend.

OPIMIAN. See Cæcuban.

ORESTES. Orestes and Pylades were friends famed in Greek myth.

- ORPHEUS. See Mænads.
- PELIGNIAN (bard). Ovid.
- PENTHEUS. Killed by his mother and sisters.
- PHAETHON. Son of Apollo: while trying to drive the chariot of the sun he was struck by Jove's thunderbolt and burnt to death.
- PHILIP'S ARCADE. A portico in the Campus Martius which contained representations of Hercules and his exploits.
- PRIAM. See Hecuba.
- PRIAPUS. Protector of gardens and vineyards, where his statue of wood or stone often stood, and of rustic life generally.
- PROMETHEUS. The creator of man: later bound to a mountain rock while a vulture continually fed upon his liver.
- PROSERPINA. Wife of Pluto, king of Hades. She was supposed to cut a lock of hair from the head of a dying man.
- PYLADES. See Orestes.
- READING, RECITING, RECITATIONS. Poets, and especially poetasters, were even unusually numerous in Martial's day. To advertise themselves they would get a hall and invite friends to attend the reading of their productions. These *recitations* became an institution.
- REGULUS. A notorious and successful lawyer of Martial's day.
- RHÆTUS. See Centaurs.

SABINE. See Cæcuban.

SETIAN. See Cæcuban.

THALIA. One of the Muses.

THYESTES. Brother of Atreus, king of Mycenæ. The crimes and misfortunes of this family occupy an important place in ancient myth and literature.

VEIENTIAN. See Cæcuban.

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